

SECRET WITNESS

By George Gibber

Author of 'The Yellow Dove'

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Captain Goritz protested indignantly and presented his papers.

CHAPTER XII (Continued)

THE WAS silent, thinking. But as a moment he raised his head and stared again.

"Of course it is nothing to me. An English spy, I should say, would have demanded his arrest. I should be without power to carry out my duty."

"But confession absolves—"

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"THE CRACK IN THE BELL"

A STORY OF POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

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CHAPTER XXXI (Continued)

IN THE meantime, Jerry, pale and perturbed, watched every detail of the fight. His lieutenants, his mail, his telephone kept him constantly advised of the maneuvers of the enemy. He was not up at first to attempting to make speeches himself, but acquired a habit of blurted out short terse daily remarks to the reporters, which the newspapers soon began to bracket and string in every issue to the far corners of the city.

"There's too much talk of personal attacks," he complained, "I've protested in one of these. There is too much Archer talk in it. This is not a campaign against Archer. It is a campaign against the Republican party. Do you want officers clubbing citizens at the polls? Do you want men assaulting them in alleyways? Do you want policemen invading your homes and tearing up your furniture? Do you want hysterics because husbands dare express the right of free-born citizens? Do you want a party to be ordered from a ward heeler instead of the law? Do you want women repairing or paved, and writing their own specifications, and naming their own prices, and appointing their own inspectors? Things like this are the kind of things that are going to ruin the city."

Nevertheless, these very things involved an issue of persons. It was hard, however, for Jerry to learn to swallow his modesty and stand up and say, "I—J—, will do this or do that," but he did learn to do it—to shout out his own name and to say, "I am Jerry O'Day." After a few more days, too, the young man found it impossible to keep off the stump and the speech-making began to talk to the crowds on the street corners from the back of an automobile, his motor and starting up and running from the same sort of a platform; but his speeches were never long, sometimes only a few minutes, and he always spoke with that note of ringing challenge in them that marked the man of high fighting spirit. This is the first time that a Republican organization had been organized in Philadelphia since the days of the Civil War.

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"DREAMLAND ADVENTURES"

By DADDY

THE LAW OF BIRDLAND

A complete, new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

CHAPTER V

Blue Jay's Story

(An Judge Owl's queer court, where the Jays are placed on trial for stealing Miss Purple Swallow, the jurists consists of the witnesses, including Peggy. Blue Jay is called on to tell his story.)

"IT WAS a howling, blizzard night in June," began Blue Jay. "Huh!" interrupted Judge Owl. "You ever heard of a blizzard, night in June?"

"I've just told you about it. Please do not interrupt me again. You spoil the dramatic effect of my story."

"It sounds like a story, all right," chuckled Judge Owl, much pleased over his pun. "You have told me about it. Please do not interrupt me again. You spoil the dramatic effect of my story."

"It was a howling, blizzard night in June," repeated Blue Jay. "and I was repeatedly sleeping in the hollow tree in the forest. I was obliged to take refuge because of the cruelty of Princess Peggy."

"You taught the Birds to become patriotic crop protectors and to drive out the crop destroyers. You spoiled all the fun of us Jays and caused us to become outlaws," screamed Blue Jay.

"But she has saved the Nation enough food to feed hundreds of soldiers," spoke up Billy Belgium in warm defense of Peggy. "If you and the fool Hans hadn't been meddling, you would have ruined the country's crops."

"That has nothing to do with this story," shrieked Blue Jay, much annoyed because his plea for sympathy had brought only a much-deserved rebuke. "If you want to hear about the ghost, you'd better get still."

"Ghost?" twittered the Birds, growing very much excited. "Oh, tell us about the ghosts."

"It was a howling, blizzard night in June," said Blue Jay, swelling his chest now that he had caught the interest of his audience. "Around me hung the ghost stories, and I wish you shared my exile. The storm raged and the trees and shutters banged in the wind."

"How should I know what shutters?" I told you I was asleep," screamed Blue Jay testily. "Shutters always bang in ghost stories, and I wish you had some shutters-up banging on your spouters right this minute." He glared indignantly at Peggy then went on with his story. "Suddenly I was aroused by a hollow groan—a low, shuddering, scary groan. Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh! What do you think it was?"

"We don't know. Tell us quick. What was it?" The Birds were all excitement.

"The Querist in the Queue"

Harassed Shopman (to dear old gentleman)—Now, then, what do you want? Hurry up, please. What do you want?

Dear Old Gentleman—N-n-nothing, thank you—I d-d-don't require anything. B-but I'm interested in pronouncing C-c-can you tell me if most of your customers pronounce m-m-margarine with a hard or a soft 'g'?

In Squah Hollow

Joe—Why did Oscar quit the lady clerk at the postoffice? Sepsus—She took him for second-class male matter.

In the Money

In the trenches, somewhere in France, just these two: Mike—Pat, I'm readin' in me hum paper that the King hex offered a bonis of \$50 for ivy German captured.

Business Acumen

"You let the burglar go to arrest a motorist." "Yes, the motorist pays a fine, and adds to the resources of the State; the burglar goes to prison, and the State has to pay for his keep."



"It was a howling, blizzard night in June," said the Blue Jay.

"How should I know?" was Blue Jay's disappointing answer. "I was asking you the night before when you named the birds. You said you would tell me the names of the birds. I had to be a hero. I had to steal Miss Purple Swallow for the ghost. I did it. And here I am, a prisoner in a jail, instead of being rewarded for my heroism. Oh, you ungrateful Birds!"

"No, it wasn't hee-haw, hee-haw," screamed Blue Jay, while the Birds again tittered. "It was a ghost laugh—an awful ghost laugh. And right after it came another creepy noise, a howl—a wild, weird howl. And after that howl came the cry of a deep voice, a very, very deep voice, which said—'Blue Jay paused and looked around, enjoying the sensation he was causing among the Birds. 'What did it say?' they cried. 'It said: 'I want Miss Purple Swallow. 'I want Miss Purple Swallow for my bride.'"

"Oh-oh!" cried the former Miss Purple Swallow. "It was after me!" General Swallow, in spite of the sentence of Judge Owl that he should be separated from his bride, was quickly by her side consoling her. He glared at Blue Jay.

"I tell you right here, Blue Jay, if this isn't true, in order to give you a real thrashing for scaring my wife."

"How will you ever know if it's true or not?" taunted Blue Jay. "You weren't there."

"But I'm here and you're here. Don't forget that."

"I looked out of the tree to see where the voice was coming from," continued Blue Jay. "and there in the forest I saw a great dark shape, the worst, the most terrific dark shape you can imagine."

"The hollow groan came again, and then the deep, deep groan. I want Miss Purple Swallow. I want Miss Purple Swallow for my bride!"

Mrs. Swallow shuddered. Even Peggy was under the spell of the story. "There came another groan, and the voice said: 'Blue Jay, you must help me. You must steal Miss Purple Swallow on her way to marry that big man, a General Swallow, who thinks he is a great fighter, but who couldn't whip a flea.'"

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"I'm just telling you what the ghost said. Don't blame me for calling you names. The ghost said: 'Blue Jay, if you don't steal Miss Purple Swallow for me I'll kill you, and I'll kill the other Jays, and I'll kill Judge Owl, and I'll kill Princess Peggy, and I'll kill Billy Sam, and I'll kill all the Birds, the Orioles, the Robins, the Kill-deers, and the other birds.'"

"The Birds were listening with open-mouthed awe. Blue Jay lowered his voice. "At the next night, the ghost came again. It said: 'If you don't steal Miss Purple Swallow I'll kill every one of the wedding! 'I'll kill all the Birds! What could I do? I had to save the Birds. I had to be a hero. I had to steal Miss Purple Swallow for the ghost. I did it. And here I am, a prisoner in a jail, instead of being rewarded for my heroism. Oh, you ungrateful Birds!"

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"CAP" STUBBS—What's the Use of Arguing With a Girl?



"DON'T YOU EVER DARE SPEAK TO ME AGAIN 'CAP' STUBBS, AN' DON'T YOU DARE CUM IN OUR ROOMS! YOU'RE A GIRL—I—I—JEST MATES YOU!"

"MARRY MARGRET IS MY GUR!"

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